

The Revolution.

"What, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

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WHOLE NO. 144.

Poetry.

TRAGEDY OF THE NIGHT-MOTH.

Magna Aunus.

'Tis placid midnight; stars are keeping
Their meek and silent course in Heaven;
Save pale recluse, all things are sleeping,
His mind to study still is given.

But, see! a wandering night-moth enters,
Allured by taper gleaming bright;
Awhile keeps hovering round, then ventures
On Goethe's mystic page to light.

With awe she views the candle blazing;
A universe of fire it seems
To moth-accost with rapture gazing,
Or fount whence Life and Motion streams.

What passions in her small heart whirling,
Hope's boundless, adoration, dread;
At length her tiny pinions twirling,
She darts, and—puff!—the moth is dead!

The sullen flame, for her scarce sparkling,
Gives but one bliss, one fitful glare;
Now bright and busy, now all darkling,
She snags and fades to empty air.

Her bright gray form that spread so slimly,
Some fan she seemed of pigmy queen;
Her silken cloak that lay so trimly,
Her wee, wee eyes that looked so keen.

Last moment here, now gone forever,
To nought are passed with fiery pain;
And ages circling round shall never
Give to this creature shape again.

Poor moth! near weeping, I lament thee,
Thy glossy form, thy instant woe;
'Twas zeal for "things too high" that sent thee
From cheery earth to shades below.

Short speck of boundless space was needed
For home, for kingdom, world to thee!
Where passed unheeded as unheeded
Thy slender life from sorrow free.

But syren hopes from out thy dwelling,
Enticed thee, bade thee earth explore;
Thy frame so late with rapture swelling
Is swept from earth forevermore!

Poor moth! thy fate my own resembles;
Me, too, a restless, asking mind,
Hath sent on far and weary rambles
To seek the good I ne'er shall find.

Like thee, with common lot contented,
With humble joys and vulgar fate,
I might have lived and ne'er lamented,
Moth of a larger size, a longer date!

But Nature's majesty unavailing
What seemed her wildest, grandest charms,
Eternal Truth and Beauty hailing,
Like thee, I rushed into her arms.

What gained we, little moth? Thy ashes
Thy one brief parting pang may show;
And withering thoughts for soul that dashes
From deep to deep, are but a death more slow.

T. CARLISLE.

A GOOD LITTLE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

I want to be a voter,
And with the voters stand;
The "man I go for" in my head,
The ballot in my hand!

Our Special Contributors.

A WORD ABOUT ECONOMY.

BY MARGARET BOURNE.

It would not appear at a first glance that the times call for a protest against saving. Extravagance is the constant outcry. True, the architect sees need for more elegant buildings, while he wonders, with an intermixture of scorn, at the vanity of silks and laces. The scorn is returned in full measure by the carriage-builder, who detects no correspondence between a taste for fine equipages and that for costly houses. The disinterested observer sees a national prosperity evidenced by a combination of all these things.

"There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; there is that withholdeth and it tendeth to poverty." The wise man of centuries ago may speak to us to-day.

The problem of living, as well as that of life, calls for careful consideration. To spend money, or time, or labor, or suffering, for that which profiteth not is unworthy of us. It is good at times to give all these with a prodigality which, to one ignorant of the actuating motive, would seem the height of folly. But such lavishness is exceptional; it is not the rule of a wise man.

We see how God crowds blossoms on the trees with a generous profusion which suggests loss to the prudent soul, which sees use only in fruit which can be eaten. No doubt the wonderful alchemy of nature restores to air and earth rich benefit for what we call waste blossoms; but we know that besides this the outer world is richer, speaks to us more tenderly and forcefully, because of its surplus. "Freely ye have received—freely give," comes with deeper meaning when thus emphasized. It is precious to learn, through lilies of the field and birds of the air, the tenderness of our heavenly Father's thought towards us. Perhaps we have all shuddered a little at the suggestion in the verses:

"God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.
He might have made enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and health,
And yet have had no flowers."

Instinctively we raise our hearts in thanksgiving that he did not with such prudence plan his creation. We, who are made in his image, ought, in our finite way, to form our lives upon his pattern.

We recognize easily the folly, the insanity of the miser who shivers and starves his life away under the impression that he is thus accumulating treasure. He is blind to the fact that by refusing to circulate his gold he not only denies its moiety of help to the coun-

try (for which he does not care), but also defrauds himself of lawful interest (for which he would care very much). The crust and rags which feed and clothe him are really bought at a price which would allow him to live in comfort. Yet he hugs his treasure in imbecile delight.

How often we see, in the rural districts, families who, by unwise guardianship of the dollar, bring upon themselves loss instead of gain. Food is used which costs least in the outset, without regard to its nourishing qualities. I recall to mind now a family, by no means included among the poor, who lived five days out of seven on toasted bread and tea, with perhaps potatoes or a few pieces of stripped salt fish. The money saved by this course was invested in stock, which brought in a six per cent. dividend. Great was the congratulation over the addition thus annually made to capital. But this was not the only result; faces were pale; strength of muscle was not supplied for the daily needs; the nerves, unnourished by proper blood, became unreliable; irritability sometimes reached a state which might justify a harsher name, and gave rise to scenes of absolute unkindness. God has laid down for us certain hygienic laws, a disregard of which inevitably leads to evil.

Look at the faces of even middle-aged people in our farming towns. The high pressure and excitements of city life have been removed from them; the air they have breathed has been pure, yet how often we find them haggard and toothless. It is not always hard work that is to blame. They might do just as much, perhaps more, if there were a judicious recognition that the need of recreation is not confined to the very young, but continues its demands upon us while life lasts. It is as much a law of our complex nature as the law of nutrition for the physical system. Sometimes, by stern determination, one is brought into an abnormal condition, when the need ceases to be consciously recognized; yet then the results are no less fatal. Pain is not disease; it is only the symptom of a disordered condition; sometimes torpor is worse, because more hopeless. The patient lies quietly, and friends are deceived; the appeal to sympathy is greater when the nerves quiver and shudder in agony, but the wise physician may see life in the latter, while death approaches surely in the former case.

A large proportion of the inmates of our insane asylums are the hard-working farmers' wives. They toil on through years, whose only variety is a change of drudgery, and not very much even of that. They do not notice that harm is coming to them. They do not feel quite well, but work is pre-eminent, and must be done, though it takes all of time and strength there is. Some friend suggests to one of these that she should see a physician. "I never believed much in doctors," she answers,

feeling rather wise and superior in making the announcement. Near at hand is a physician who has spent time, money and intellect for years in the scientific investigation of disease. But to send for him would cost a little money, and so long as she can keep out of her bed she regards this as an unnecessary expense. She often neglects herself till too late, and the tardy summons of medical aid is in vain.

Even if she lives, perhaps her disregard of her health and her overwork make her after years a long agony; and this is the result of her so-called economy; of her doing all her own work in health, and neglecting to secure proper advice in sickness.

"There is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

CANVASSING FOR "EMINENT WOMEN."

BY LEWIS.

I awake in the morning with a headache, consequent upon over-exertion; but, with an object in view, feel much better out in the fresh morning air.

I pass a large and flourishing farm where two bachelor brothers live; but their house I should suppose to be a barn, with the glaring sun pouring into its curtainless windows, and not a shrub or flower about it. The barn itself looks much more cheerful, surrounded as it is by cattle and horses. I hear they have a sister—a widow—who has to earn her living; but they prefer to live alone, rather than be at the expense of providing for herself and child. And that child will inherit all the money they are saving, by living on hasty-pudding (I prefer the "Down East" name to the Western one of mush) and milk. They must be very singular men, or perhaps their sister is a very singular woman. I should have called and presented to their consideration my "Eminent Women;" but there was not a sign of a man-being about the man-habitation.

At a little cottage beyond, upon a rise of ground where are a few flowers and some great oaks for shelter, dwells a maiden lady with her brother; and she has help in her little dairy and household. She says "her brother leaves the buying of books to her, and as they live so retired, good books are her chief companions; and this one she must have, if she has to go without a new bonnet."

She already has her summer bonnet, the neighbors say, and that is but an excuse to herself for what she fears is a little extravagance. She appears to be one who would readily drink in all the inspiration in these biographies, and, I doubt not, would be ready for a "presidency," if an "association" were formed in that town. Truly, "the harvest is white, but the laborers are few."

Down by the railroad track I have to cross, I open a rustic gate, and turning into a path between two narrow flower-beds, enter a small dwelling, where sits a mother by the cradle of her sick child. The older children are at school, and she speaks of two or three dead and gone. The house looks clean, but barely comfortable; and she says, "it is as much as they can do to clothe their children and buy school-books." She seems hopelessly resigned to treading her narrow way without any vain wishes or desires.

Across the "track," and over the hill, I come

upon an oddity. The porch is shaded by rose-vines, where are seats, which I prefer to going in-doors; but the old lady is so gratified with a new dress purchased the day before that she must take me in to see it, and "can't think of books to-day."

The old farmer appears, and I compliment him upon the flourishing appearance of his garden, corn and potato-field, and other fields beyond; but he says he is "getting old, and has to let his land, and cannot earn money as he used to." He looks at my book with interest, but leaves the purchase to his wife, who is evidently as much of an economist, and reminds me of a woman I knew (when she tells me how long it is since she had a new dress), who found it unnecessary "to fry more than two eggs for the breakfast of her husband, herself, hired man, and two children." She gave one to the hired man, half of *hers* to her husband, and the other half of *hers* to the children." Could economy and unselfishness further go?

At the next house I find intelligent people; farmers, who are all the more prosperous for being social and progressive. There is plainly "heaven" at work here. In a pleasant sitting-room a daughter of the house, neatly attired, is operating a sewing-machine; and at the south window is a table covered with books and papers, while an unoccupied arm-chair near shows how the father of this household spends his leisure hours and evenings. The mother of the family would be recognized as a lady in manners anywhere, despite her fallow countenance and careworn look. Those are explained when she takes me into the parlor, and shows me the portrait of a son killed in the war, and then points to a sleeping apartment where lies an interesting youth apparently in a decline.

While staying to rest and for dinner, the daughter reads from my book, to her invalid brother, Gail Hamilton's spicy letters. The lady tells me that she is "much interested in the elevation of woman, that she believes in the cause, and that her husband would be perfectly willing she should take my book if she thought it best, as he leaves such matters to her judgment; but their expenses for illness (her own included) have been such that she doesn't think it best to incur any more at present.

I can sympathize with this mother in her unacknowledged anticipation of a funeral and funeral expenses to be incurred.

But while in most houses I find such books as Richardson's "Beyond the Mississippi," "Secrets of Washington," etc., subscribed for by the men, I find among the women the utmost consideration of "circumstances and self-denial of tastes and wishes.

I am shown here an agricultural paper containing an account of a "woman's convention," and a portrait of Susan B. Anthony. A little girl culls me a bouquet, and I go on my way refreshed and strengthened.

WOMAN'S ADMISSION TO LEARNED PROFESSIONS.

BY EMMA WALLINGTON.

I believe that, both on the ground of true justice and expediency, the larger the sphere of woman's influence the greater will be the benefit to the world; and to make women, if

they wish, good doctors, preachers, and lawyers, will contribute largely to that benefit. Not because they are of the female sex, would I have them filling any of these capacities, but because I feel convinced that some members of that sex possess the requisite qualifications, and that the exercising of their talents in a sphere commensurate with those talents, must exert a beneficial influence, and this influence would be especially beneficial on account of that moral element already alluded to.

If some women possess a special talent for pleading, it is wrong to deprive society of their services; for society itself is the loser if it prevent them, and acts like one who should cut off his nose to be revenged on his face.

It is generally admitted that Shakespeare's knowledge of humanity is as correct as it is unrivalled, and he represents the ablest lawyers as powerless to set aside Shylock's outrageous bond. But directly Portia appears on the scene, how quickly is that bond rendered worthless. Thereby showing that Shakespeare held our sex as capable—nay, in this case, more capable—of interpreting the law than men. This illustration may be objected to on the ground that it is fictitious; let us therefore, go to fact. History furnishes us with instances of several successful woman-preachers; and among them may be mentioned Joanna of Sicily, who appeared in the presence of Pope Clement VI. and a solemn assemblage of the cardinals and principal clergy, and pleaded her own cause against the King of Hungary with such effect, that the ambassadors sent by her enemy to plead against her were so confused that they attempted no reply, and the Pope and the cardinals unanimously acquitted her with every expression of honor and admiration.

Some women are admirably suited to be preachers; and Dinah Morris in George Eliot's "Adam Bede," preaches most eloquently and effectively. Though Dinah is a fictitious character, the portrayer of that character is a woman, and it is really the authoress who preaches. When speaking of this woman-preacher on a former occasion, I was reminded that Dinah did not continue to preach long, and the inference drawn from this was that she may at first have thought herself capable, but after awhile found that she was not, and so left it. This inference may be true, but I do not think it is. There is no evidence to show that Dinah left it because she had mistaken it; she quitted it because a methodist conference had determined to discontinue woman-preachers. This proves that men—as they generally do—object to woman entering the same calling as their own; but it does not prove that the authoress thought women-preachers objectionable. The course she makes Dinah take when visiting the miserable and unfortunate Hetty in prison, rousing the dark and apparently lost soul of the unfortunate girl into a state of something like feeling and repentance, shows forth admirably the real vocation Dinah possessed for preaching; it was with her, as it is with numbers of women, a real power; a power which the prison chaplain could not exert, for Hetty had received all his exhortations with the coldest unconcern.

Next the medical profession. How many medical men could—wholly independent of the co-operation of women—carry on their

calling? Where could the gentleness, the patience, the indefatigable watching and the wonderful endurance be found? Certainly not in the majority of the male sex. Some men, I admit, are, and do make, capital nurses; I do not deny it, and as it is a fundamental proposition with me that every man and woman should work in that sphere for which they are severally best suited, I say, by all means, let such men, whenever they are found, be allowed to nurse the sick—they cannot be more worthily employed. But it is to woman that these qualifications more especially belong; and medical men who use their power and knowledge in ministering to the sufferings of humanity cannot cope so successfully with disease, if the women, who must be intrusted with a part of the work, are ignorant and ill-qualified. Seeing, therefore, that medical men cannot fulfill their duties without the help of women, is it not desirable that women should be—as they are on the Continent—medically educated, and so, by being placed on an equality with men in this respect, render the functions of both more successful and effective?

Next take the clerical profession. What clergymen, by his own individual exertions, could properly carry out the pressing and innumerable duties of a large parish? No single man would be equal to the task. Here again, the co-operation of woman is absolutely needed; and I know that this co-operation is unsparingly given, even to the writing of the sermons which the preacher delivers—sermons which have been admired for their eloquence, their pure morality, and their piety. Why, then, prohibit the woman from delivering what has flowed forth so abundantly from her heart and pen? Why deprive the listeners of the charms of voice, manner, and gesture, which are means, and most important means, for the attainment of ends the most sublime?

Lastly, the legal profession. Here the feminine element is not so prominent. Yet even in this women contribute to the excellence and reputation of its followers. Many instances have been related to me where the sisters or wives have, by their clear sharp-sightedness and sound logical reasoning, thrown a flood of light on many a knotty point; unravelled many a tangled skein; and by these means have helped to form the judgment, and strengthen that legal acumen, for which so many in legal circles have become famed. I regret that I cannot, without a breach of confidence, give the name of the gentleman whose history is personally known to my family. He is now one of the leading members of the bar, and has often admitted that to his wife, and to her alone, does he owe the high reputation he enjoys.

A GIRL OF THE PERIOD IN THE INDEPENDENT.

At last, the unrest, perplexity, fear and longing which exist in the bosom of girlhood has found expression. A girl has risen up who is not satisfied with having things made pleasant for her. She cannot give her whole mind to dress, and waste the bulk of her time on an empty round of visiting. She has uttered her plaint, and asked for aid through the columns of the *Independent*. She feels that she has been educated in vain, although her education was such as is given to clever girls, and, of

course, stopped short of what a boy in her place would have received.

She was active and happy in her school life; but now, that she has graduated and received her brand-new parchment diploma, she finds herself doomed to a life of inanity, and the moth begins to feed at her heart-strings.

Poor girl, she stands balancing between what her soul craves for its own health, and the demand of society that she shall bow down before the Moloch of conventionalism, and let the noblest part of her rust away in idleness. There are thousands of women about our streets who have, early or late, suffered from the same profound dissatisfaction which is corroding the life of the girl of the period. They have all ended by bowing down to Moloch, and crushing their ideas of revolt. Some of them have plunged into the whirl of fashionable life, and ended by becoming the maddest in their extravagance, the giddiest in their pleasures of all that crew. Some have become devotional, and given themselves up to Mission Sunday-school, church fairs, and an anxious solicitude after the welfare of the rector. Some, alas! hang feebly on to the skirts of society, and fill the position which can win the smallest meed of respect or credit, that of wall-flower.

One old lady, we should say, although she calls him a gentleman, replies to the girl of the period, and advises her to read the lives of Lady Guion and of Elizabeth Fry, and also to peruse two little volumes published by the American Tract Society called "Five Years in the Alleghanies," and "Toils and Triumphs of Missionary Colportage."

The healthy instincts of this live girl of the nineteenth century reject the advice as unsuited to her case. Elizabeth Fry was set apart for a great mission. She belonged to another age than ours; but this girl does not feel that she has any such mission. She wants to live in the world, and to enjoy the good things of the world. She wants work which will not ostracize her, and make her acquaintances look askance, and call down the wrath of her male relatives.

Thirty or forty years ago, in the time of these excellent women mentioned above, and others whose lives flourish in the prim, dull, little libraries of some very good, but very narrow people, it was thought a woman must go out of the world and shake the dust of it from off her feet if she meant to devote herself to religious duties. Entire consecration meant separation from what were considered worldly frivolities and amusements. Now ideas have so changed, there are thousands of people who do not believe these worldly fashions and amusements indulged moderately are wicked at all, but, on the contrary, good and wholesome. They are seriously convinced that religion can be as well lived out by good, honest work and innocent play at home as by going on a foreign mission.

As we take it, the girl of the period who has spoken in the *Independent* belongs to this class. She does not want to immolate herself by going on a mission, or with her girlish hand try to set straight the crooked places of this world. She is not fitted for moral sewerage, and pabulum of such books as the "Toils and Triumphs of Missionary Colportage" are like husks to her sense of need; and yet, with all her flounces and furbelows, with her dainty hat, perchance, atop of the latest style of

frizzed or curled chignon, it is true that her soul does cry out. She has imbibed progressive ideas regarding women. She does not believe they were meant to be merely dolls and puppets, and so she stands upon the brink afraid to try her wings.

We would advise the girl of the period not to be afraid of Mrs. Grundy. We are told of a famous temple of old that had three gates. Over each of two gates was written, be bold, be bold; and over the third gate was written, be not too bold. This should be the measure, of course, for all who are seeking an entrance into a new and untried path. It is not necessary to shock people's prejudices. All things can be done decently and in order. If this girl wishes to become a book-keeper, a postmistress, a telegraph operator, all she has to do is to be thorough and purposeful, not throwing aside her determination the second day, because she has a headache or wants to attend a matinee. Everything like business demands severe self-control and renunciation. She may don the water-proof and modest hat, and go about her work in a quiet, unobtrusive manner, and although some of her intimates may stare at first, they end by liking her all the more, and will, perhaps, be tempted to go and do likewise.

MODERN VIEWS OF WOMEN.

Many men shrink from the idea of a woman having any career but a domestic one and St. Paul is triumphantly quoted as to the particular duties of women; but St. Paul wrote when social conditions were different. The fact remains, that hundreds of women must find some means of earning their daily bread; and not only their own, but very often that of others depending on them. How many a daughter has to support a mother! How many a sister has to maintain, or help to maintain, her sisters! Yes, and brothers, too; As in many other cases in society, men look on these things, not as they are, but as they would wish them to be. St. Paul says, "Let the younger women marry;" but the experience of life in the nineteenth century is that young women cannot all marry, for the simple reason that there are not young men to marry them; and even when such an important unit is found, an equally important element is often wanting, viz., money; and whatever may be the intrinsic merits of housekeeping on \$1500 a year, it is true that a larger number of men and women hesitate every year to begin married life on even double that sum. Every one must have, in their own experience, at least two or three acquaintances who would marry, if they had the means. Yet in the face of all this, men talk as if marriage was the destiny of every woman, and girls are brought up from their babyhood to look on it almost as a disgrace if they are not married; and when women ask, in common justice, for some occupation, they have St. Paul metaphorically flung at their heads. Does it ever occur to these people that St. Paul's highest ideal of life was not that of a married one? It is evident, from passages in his writings, that he considered there was a holier and better life, only that it was not given to every one to lead it. While, on the one hand, there is this outcry against intellectual women who dare to think for themselves, and have "views," and are audacious enough not to think it a disgrace to use the

gifts God has given them, there is equally an outcry against the votaries of fashion—the coquettes and girls of the period—who seem, nevertheless, to come near some men's highest ideal of womanhood. They are vain, frivolous, heartless, etc. We wonder how many homes are cheered and gladdened by these "girls of the period." How they are idolized by their parents, and worshipped by their brothers and sisters, though they may walk about in high-heeled boots, parti-colored costumes, and even wear portentous chignons! These things do not affect the kind, loving heart; besides which, we cannot admit that an attention to dress is unworthy of a woman. She ought to dress well; and the duty of a woman to look as pleasing and pretty as may be has often been dwelt on. And the same may be said of "strong-minded women," and many other names contemptuously applied. Who can count the amount of good they do, the misery they relieve, the distressed whom they console and comfort? They may be mistaken in some of their aims—we think they are; especially we protest against any attempt to unwomanize woman or make her a little man. But because we cannot go with them in all their tentative efforts,—what great movement was ever set on foot in which mistakes were not made at first?—are we to be blind to their self-sacrificing spirit, their zeal, their generosity, their wish to help their fellow-women, and alleviate the many sorrows of women, which women alone know? Surely they are more worthy of honor and deserving of respect than the unsexed women who join with the least estimable style of men in vilifying and sneering at their own sex.

In speaking of Madam Seebach's acting, the *Tribune* has the following: "Never have we seen upon the stage so true and touching a picture as Madam Seebach gave of the unfolding of a pure maid's heart under the radiant light and warmth of love. This, we need not say, is a matter of great difficulty. It is possible to genius; but it is possible to nothing else. That precious gift Madam Seebach possesses. It was shown in a way that no heart could doubt in the scene in church, wherein Gretchen struggles to pray, and is overwhelmed by the voice of conscience. And it was greatly shown in the mad scene in the prison. The art of Madam Seebach, considering her as an actress, and apart from the point of her inspiration, is wonderful for its precision, its conscience, its finish, its delicate symmetry. Very often she made us think of some of those tender and delicate poems of Heine—too tender and too delicate to be often appreciated at their worth. With the refined class of play-goers in this country, however, we feel that no such fate can possibly await the acting of this gifted and beautiful woman. It has the eloquence of truth—the magic of genius—and it cannot be exerted in vain.

A Woman's Suffrage Society has been organized at Council Bluffs, Iowa, with the following officers: President, Mrs. Amelia Bloomer; Vice-Presidents, C. Munger and Mrs. Mary McPherson; Recording Secretary, Ada McPherson; Corresponding Secretary, Will S. Shoemaker; Treasurer, E. S. Barnett; Executive Committee, Mrs. Kate West, A. W. Street, Mrs. G. M. Dodge, Mrs. J. E. Evans, and J. B. Lewis.

Foreign Correspondence.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

BY EMILY FAITHFULL.

VICTORIA PRESS, Sept. 11, 1870.

London, that is fashionable London, is indeed, at this time of the year, a city of the dead. Not only are the shutters, up and the houses empty in quarters where people blessed with the "root of all evil" usually reside, but the very churches are closed. Thinking, however, that the Rev. R. H. Haweis might have returned from his well-deserved rest, I betook myself to St. James' Chapel this morning, but to my disappointment, such was not the case. The doors were firmly fastened, and a placard stated that the "necessary repairs were likely to keep them so for the present;" so I wandered on in rather a perturbed state of mind, halting between two opinions, deciding at one moment to return to the quiet of my own study, and at the next to seek help and strength for the week's care and warfare in some unaccustomed church. As I walked hastily on, I found myself at the door of Quebec Chapel, and making my way up into the gallery, I was soon in the midst of a congregation evidently increased by the same reason which had caused my appearance there. An unsupplied choir aided the curate, on whom the entire "duty" fell, and the service was followed by a sermon, which not only arrested my attention at the time, but brought about a chain of thought which induces me to take up my pen and transmit it to the readers of *THE REVOLUTION*, to whom it may perhaps prove, as it did to me, "a word in season." John the Baptist—his training, life, and mission—formed the subject of the sermon. But the one point which took hold of my mind at the time, and has remained with me since, was a part of the Baptist's character which the preacher brought out with great force and applied to the leaders of religious movements. To preach repentance was the end and aim of John the Baptist's teaching. He not only lost sight of himself, but seemed to rejoice in the fact that a "greater than he was close at hand,—one who was to be preferred before him—whose shoe's latchet he was not worthy to unloose." "How seldom," said the preacher, "can we say this of even those who seek to lead others into the truth? How often is there self-seeking in our efforts to bring others to God? How rarely do we forget ourselves, and fix our hearts on the work we desire to do for our fellow creatures?"

I could not but apply these lamentations to our own peculiar efforts with regard to the elevation of women. Would to Heaven we were free of all self-seeking in this noble cause; but alas! mean motives creep in on every side, and the movement is as much paralyzed by the self-seeking of its adherents as it is stifled by the opposition of its avowed enemies! Few of us manage to lose sight of ourselves and our personal interests in our endeavors to promote the good of the sex, and we watch almost with the eye of Cain the glowing sacrifice on another altar. It is high time to examine our conscience on this matter, and to speak the truth without flinching. Our cause is one which will not make us ashamed; but the good, noble ship will not

gain the desired haven as long as she is manned by those who only care for their own advancement, and who are struggling among themselves for the glory of guiding her into port. "This women's rights business will never come to much," say the men of the world, "for the very women who lead it cannot agree with each other, and are as envious and jealous over their special merits as the women of the world are over their newest toilets or latest ball-room triumphs." Shall we not rise above such meanness, and prove so base a charge a mere calumny? Can those who wish to see their sex as a mass as great and good as it is possible for women to be grudge to individual workers the honor which is their due? *I do not believe it is possible for any true-hearted woman to do so.* But there are traitors in every earthly camp.

No political or religious movement ever yet escaped self-seeking followers, and the passion of personal aggrandizement is not confined to sex. One might have thought that the odium which so easily fastens itself to those who demand mental freedom for women would deter all who lacked "true metal." But while forced to search and try ourselves personally, let us abstain from looking for the suspected mote in our neighbor's eye, and remember the righteous rebuke given to those who would have prevented any but their own immediate band from working in their Lord's name.

Miss Pearson has just come back from the seat of war, having reached it in time to nurse the wounded after the battles of Gravelotte and Vionville. She witnessed the burning of Bazaille, and narrowly escaped being one of its victims. Nothing, according to this lady's statement, could exceed the amount of suffering that awaits the society's efforts, and every day lost in forwarding means of relief may cost hundreds of lives. Miss Pearson has left a list at the office of articles urgently required. Soap is much wanted, and all the sufferers beg continually for cigars. Slippers, waterproof socks and flannel shirts are also much in demand.

Miss Pearson and three other ladies have distinguished themselves for their courage, cheerfulness and endurance under danger and hardship. They have all been highly praised in letters sent home to the committee, whilst the conduct of Miss Pearson, (the lady in charge) and Miss M'Loughlin in saving the valuable stores of the society from the rapacity of the Prussian Knights of St. John, and their bringing it alone and unaided over a cross road and through a lonely and dangerous country to Sommeurthe, met with the most enthusiastic admiration from the Prince of Tours and Taxis, who gave them an escort on their further journey to Beaumont, where they rejoined their party, from whom they had been accidentally separated. Further stores have been sent out to them, and the ladies will continue with the Prince's army as long as their services are required, having met with a warm welcome from the general in command at Donchery and Dr. Boeger, chief of the Crown Prince's medical staff.

Miss Pearson left London again last night.

The very air seems charged with horrors. We are full of this war, when tidings arrive of the fearful massacre in China, in which an Irish lady, well-known as Sister Louise, has perished, together with other defenceless women and a hundred orphan children; and

yesterday came the telegram that H. M. S. Captain had gone down in the night with five hundred gallant men on board. A young relative of mine only left her two months since on his promotion as sub-lieutenant, and Captain Burgoyne was universally beloved.

The North of England Council for promoting the higher education of woman has recently held its annual meeting, and Mrs. Butler, to whose foresight and energy it owes its existence, resigned her office of President, on the ground that the work she has lately taken up prevents her doing justice to the Association. In offering Mrs. Butler the sincere thanks of the meeting for her past services, Professor Greenwood earnestly requested her to retain the post, but met with a firm refusal. The Association has, during the past year, inaugurated lectures on English literature, astronomy, physiology, Latin, and mathematics, in many of our large towns. Speaking of Latin reminds me of the following passage in one of this month's (St. Paul's) leading magazines:

"But if classical,—and if classical, why not mathematical?—learning is to be revived amongst women, the question of colleges, academies, or 'public institutions for the education of women,' must be raised again. Adam Smith rejoiced in their absence; but that was partly to give point to his strictures on the Universities which were still without Professors of Political Economy. Millie Schurmann thought their assistance might be dispensed with; but this was in a more leisurely as well as a more learned age, when Latin enough for a beginning was to be picked up in most well-ordered houses, when, if not a father or an uncle, at least some friend or connection of the family was sure to have nothing better to do than direct the studies of a promising girl. But Mrs. Astell made allowance for the intellectual degeneracy of busier times, and had faith in the adaptability of learned corporations. Her scheme was simply an application of the college system of Oxford and Cambridge; a school would probably have been attached to the college; but the essential feature was a body of single women, of studious tastes and religious habits, living in common with a view to learned meditation rather than active good works. The scheme appeared so feasible, and withal so desirable—not merely to the projector, but to many of her acquaintances and friends—that it came at length to the knowledge and favor of a certain great lady—too great for ordinary biographers to pronounce her name—who was disposed to devote £10,000 to the foundation. Queen Mary missed this chance of immortality; posterity consoles itself with 'The Princess,' and Bishop Burnet is answerable for both results. His well-intentioned remonstrances were the only cause of the abandonment of the project; but the motives of his opposition are curious. He objects, not to the unfeminine character of the institution; not to the danger of its engaging, like Ida, in an Amazonian crusade against mankind; not to any intellectual or moral failings which it might be thought likely to encourage, but that it would lead, or at least would be thought likely to lead, to the restoration of conventual orders! Now that, in spite of the bishop, convents and nunneries abound, in which zeal has, at any rate, as much place as knowledge, there would be something to be said even for a conventual order devoted, like the original Benedictines, to the restoration of learning, and its rehabilitation as a grace becoming to Christian women. Apart from the suspicion of Romanizing, Mrs. Astell's college would have been able to try the great experiment of existence under more favorable conditions than have been realized since. In the seventeenth century such a foundation would have suggested no vexed questions of irreconcilable rights, disputed duties, conflicting aims, or incompatible social desiderata; it would have created little sensation at its origin, and its momentary success or prolonged insignificance would have been viewed as matter for neither surprise nor reproach. Domestic obscurity was regarded as the normal lot of women, but the ordinary faculties were open to individuals of exceptional talents or perseverance. It was not long since Padua had conferred a doctor's degree upon the versatile Elena Piscopia, whose statue adorns the palace of the University. Female students from France, and even from Germany, still studied at Bologna, where, soon after Mrs. Astell's death, the chair of mathematics and natural science was occupied

by Laura Bassi, Doctor of Laws; the chair of anatomy by the accomplished surgeon, Madonna Manzolina; while, even so late as the present century, the chair of Greek was held by Clotilda Tambroul.

I am just starting for Liverpool for the British Association, and from thence I go to Newcastle for the Social Science Congress. I will only post an account of each. In the meantime, I must enclose from the *Daily Telegraph* an account of a farewell soiree given last night at the Hanover Square Rooms to Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen:

FAREWELL SOIREE TO BABOO KESHUB CHUNDER SEN.

A meeting was held last evening at the Hanover Square Rooms to bid farewell to this gentleman, the disciple and successor of Ramohun Roy, as head of the Brahmo Soma, or pure Theists of India. The meeting was preceded by that indispensable precursor of such gatherings—a tea drinking—and the chair was taken at eight o'clock by Mr. Thomas, of Bristol. The large room was filled with a distinguished audience, and on the platform were representatives of all the different sects of religious London. After speeches by Professor Plumptre, Rev. Messrs. Jerson, Murphy, and Dawson Burns, Professor Albites, Vice-President of the Societe de la Libre Conscience et du Theisme Progressif, bade Mr. Sen a cordial farewell in the name of his countrymen. Miss Emily Faithfull, who followed, claimed the honor on behalf of the ladies of making the shortest speech of the evening. She thanked Mr. Sen especially for his disinterested efforts for the elevation of women; or rather, she would not say 'disinterested,' fully believing that, in elevating woman, man drew down blessings on his own head; and, in the words of the Laureate, 'Woman's cause is man's—they rise or fall together.' Mr. Sen, on coming forward, was received with enthusiastic cheers, the assembly rising *en masse*. He had not been in England six months, he said, and would give some of his earliest impressions of things. They may prove unpalatable; still 'It would from many a blunder free us, to see ourselves as others see us.' The first thing that evoked his wonder in England was the shops. He realized the idea that the English were a nation of shopkeepers. If all these were the sellers, where, he asked himself, could be the buyers? The next thing that struck him was the Art of Puff. English activity troubled him. The Englishman was like the Ghost in 'Hamlet'—'hic et ubique'—never at rest. An English dinner was a mystery to him. The ladies dress alarmed him. He did not believe even in woman's infallibility, and devoutly hoped the Girl of the Period would never turn up in India. He noticed the ladies' hair was much longer than in India; but he had been told there was something inside the hair! Then he passed to the deeper social life of England. He was greatly distressed by poverty and Pauperism, God help and bless the poor of London! Intemperance was growing in India, but was not the cause it is in London. He found caste in England, too—not religious, but social. 'Your rich man is a Brahmin,' he said. But now for the bright side. He was gladdened most of all by the charities of London, where he found 170 societies for doing good, with an aggregate income of three millions. Temperance societies and Bands of Hope did much to mitigate the evils against which they were directed; but his great theme of admiration was an English home and family—the bright and loving faces of English children. He was amazed at the power of public opinion in England, and begged all to aid in bringing its force to bear in India. With regard to religious life, he found English Christianity too sectarian, too muscular, and too material. The English seemed to know nothing of introspection or meditation. There was a tendency to press God outside, and to see Him in forms and dogmas. He concluded a very lengthy speech with a cordial acceptance of the sympathy shown by this farewell; and the meeting separated, after singing an appropriate hymn.

A lady tells a New York "society paper" that engagements are very unsatisfactory sort of affairs; for if you are not very polite and attentive, the gentleman thinks you do not care for him, and you are afraid to be polite for fear the engagement might some time be broken off, when you would be sorry to think you had wasted so much sweetness on another woman's husband.

Letters from Friends.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE

A LETTER—NO. 1.

My Dear Brother, H. H. B.: In a letter addressed to me not long since you refer to the matter of divorce, so much and ably agitated in so many of our periodicals, and among other remarks, in speaking of marriages, you say this: "At present there is too great haste in entering that state, and as much in leaving it." It is a divine institution to be sacredly approached, and I dare not say what is a sufficient cause for divorce. I do believe that if each were true to themselves and each other, and would bury selfishness, those who are seemingly ill-matched would grow more like. It is "*will not*" that makes much trouble. Beware of entering matrimony, and when in, bear it worthily, has been my motto. Let not one seek to make the other *property*. Show faith in each other, *trust* each other, *live not too much* on each other, and there must be more of harmony than now is. Among my friends I find both parties to blame. "I'll not yield" is the watchword of both, and, unhappily, the condition. We can bear more than we think, and though I do not believe God would have us *break* under any trial, we can *bend* much more than we think. He demands of us no sacrifice of principal, but oftentimes of comfort. We need the discipline. No, I would first try every possible means to live together; I would try a few years of separation, and perhaps under this discipline the two could harmonize; if not, let them separate for good, or, if they prefer, have a divorce. I don't think I would want the *divorce*, nor to marry a divorced woman.

This is all good, and shows the bestowal of much thought by you upon subjects that many inexperienced young men like yourself would not care enough about to stop and consider. So good that I choose it as my text to be further eliminated by my little wax taper of inspiration. The selfishness you would very properly bury is the cause of all the obstinacy and lack of "trust," and the egotism that delights in "ownership" of the other. The root of selfishness is ignorance—ignorance of the laws of our being, by which we *live too much* on each other. If the world could only be made wise, it would be happy; being true unto itself, it would be saved. But we must "work out our own salvation with fear and trembling." So if one has the light of a "farthing rush" to cast upon this subject, the great world ought to receive it with thanks, but oftener does this with contempt and ridicule. Blow out mine ungrateful world, if you will, but you, friend, at least, will listen to me.

You say, very truly, that "we probably stand alike in principle upon this matter;" but having intimately known many "divorced women," and favorably, I may be pardoned if I dissent a little from indorsing your last sentence, and if I also give what seems to me, and what I see you hint strongly at, some reasons for our many divorces. Time and experience change our views of many things, as you know, and may change yours. I should certainly think it very unwise to neglect knowing what had actually been the point at issue between two divorced parties, if

I anticipated entering into marriage with one; and should desire a thorough sifting of facts, if I was the "divorced woman," for of all places deceit and misrepresentation in that relation would be most feared by me. Then by all that is fair and honorable, there should be no "after-claps" on this account, because one should not marry until satisfied within themselves that all is understood.

You say you "do not think you would want the divorce." You do not yet know what further experience in the world will bring you; but if, as all good angels forbid, such unequal mating should come to you as has come to many, and you found yourself wedded to a grossness you could not leave, with all your trying, to a perversely undeveloped nature, who could not, and would not, try to appreciate the high aims you have set as your life's star, to attain or die, and even then to attain; which clung about you like fearful gyves, and heavy clogs pulling you down to it, when you strove and loved to strive to rise; shutting out to you the light of day when all nature was resplendent to others, and settling down closer and closer over you like the midnight darkness, or a pall, whose reality would be welcomed instead; crowding you into the dust as you shrank away from it, feeling your very desire and hope of true manhood fading out from your vision, and even your belief in the overruling God almost obliterated, no hope here, and none hereafter except for annihilation; nothing but blackness and degradation of soul to be your lot; would you not gladly welcome any kind friend who would break your bonds, and let you move out once more into God's great garden to breathe his pure atmosphere, which your lungs had almost forgotten how to inhale, and would you care if that friend was the law, the intended friend of the oppressed?

No, never, my brother, would you refuse this aid! You must, when you come to this pass, to which so many have come, receive help or die—if not physically, then mentally, intellectually, and spiritually, which is worse! We must take these things home before we can understand them; though our desires and our theories may all be good. You cannot know what you would do until you have felt what so many have felt, and borne what so many have borne, and this no words of mine can ever make plain to even your kind spirit. Many a woman and many a man has endured all this, and more; for no pen can fully portray the desolation of those who feel as if forsaken by God and man—crucified for perhaps the sins of others. It is hard enough to be crucified for our own.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN THE SOUTH.

ALABAMA, Sept., 1870.

Dear Editor: While attending the conventions held in New York city last May, the object of which was to give additional strength to the cause of woman's rights, I felt within myself that the tides those two meetings sent forth would sweep like an avalanche over the whole of these United States. Nothing could stay them, so irresistible did they seem to me, in force, argument, and persuasion.

This is a work in which my heart and soul are engaged. It is one whose influence and power I most prayerfully desire to see prevailing throughout the whole length and breadth

of this republic; for I believe it is one that will effect a great moral reformation in individuals, in domestic circles, in political and national interests. My convictions are daily strengthened by what I see and learn. There is one thing which is self-evident, that woman brought into power will not render matters worse; that she will improve them is highly probable.

Why do you not send out more of your leaders to lecture in parts never before visited? For years you have been laboring in the West, and nobly have you upheld the cause of woman to that honest, enterprising, staunch people; but has not the ball obtained such momentum that it can move of itself? Direct your force this way, and let us, of the far-off Sunny South, enjoy some of its virtues; for I assure you, to many it is but a meaningless name. Many have not yet heard it. In those parts to which it has found access, it is held up to ridicule by both men and women; but you will excuse this in the latter when you learn that they have not yet learned to use their thinking faculties independent of the "lords of creation." The pioneers in this cause may almost suffer martyrdom in trying to persuade us to their faith; but brave and courageous as they have always proved themselves, they will not be baffled by discouragements.

Recently I noticed that Olive Logan will visit Richmond during the winter. Can she not be induced to come further south? She is a winsome, spirited, strategic worker, doing while she does not seem to do, leading hosts unconsciously against their stereotyped judgments. Such an one, at the first introduction of this question in the South, would doubtless work more effectually than if she were to come with her name blazoned as an advocate of woman's rights.

I am in earnest, for my eyes are open, and I see continually the necessity of doing something to ameliorate the condition of our sex, even in the chivalric South. In former days, when slaves did the drudgery of the house and the labor in the fields and mechanic shops, much gallantry was exhibited; but not so now, since every hand's-turn falls upon us. Men in general shirk their duty, and it comes mercilessly upon the shoulders of frail and inexperienced women. I am Southern both by birth and education; but in the whole of my life I have never known so much disease, suffering, and giving up among our women as now. It is fearful, and so common, that it has passed into a by-word. Besides having the most slavish work to perform, they have to endure it alone, most frequently without a word of sympathy from husband or brother. Times have changed, and that sadly for the women of the South. There are exceptions, it is true.

Woman needs to be more self-supporting. Here, now, cooking, washing, ironing, hoeing in the garden, raising chickens, milking the cows, churning, sewing, sweeping, and scouring, make the sum total of her employment. "She does all her own work," and is instructed by man that this is all that is expected of her. With such surroundings, what opportunity has the poor creature to ascertain that she was created for other and nobler attainments in life?

Something must be done, and I hope speedily, to remove these disabilities. The light must dawn upon her mind, that while she can

fill the place of housekeeper with dignity, she can also be mistress of herself. The field is vast, and the laborers are few. Send women here whose stamp of character will elicit respect; others than these will only draw execrations upon themselves.

I have once or twice heard of *THE REVOLUTION*, but through persons in whose way a copy had strayed. Send it abroad, and scatter it through hamlet, town, city, and country, until the least, as well as the greatest, may know what has been set on foot for their deliverance.

With best wishes for your continued success, I remain

Yours in sympathy, MAGNOLIA.

FROM OREGON.

ALBANY, OREGON, July 12, 1870.

Editor of *Revolution*: It is with no little gratification that I notice an editorial in your sprightly and sensible weekly, in which you deign to answer, with irresistible argument, the flat and stale inquiry of some frightened Oregonian, who—doubtless he is a bachelor—sends out a wail from our valleys, asking, in the bitterness of his anguish, "who will stay at home with the babies while women go to the polls?"

You have answered the question so ably that I trust the poor fellow's fears will be allayed; but lest he should relapse into another spasm of maternal tenderness—pity for the babies he was not born a woman—let me here assure him that Oregon mothers can manage to get their cradles tended on election days without difficulty. Bachelors make excellent nurses upon such occasions, especially when a maiden aunt or sister is visiting at the house.

As it fortunately takes but a few moments to cast a vote, the bachelor and maiden aunt can first go to the polls; after which they can return, and sit cosily beside the cradle while the husband and wife proceed to the place of voting, to perform the same public duty.

Be comforted, good Oregon brother, women are fertile in expedients.

Seriously, my dear Mrs. Bullard, I cannot express the pride I take in your excellent and womanly paper, filled as it always is with spicy items, sound facts, and unanswerable arguments.

Oregon, as a State, is rapidly advancing in commercial and political importance. While the woman question is very decidedly frowned upon by the clergy, laughed at by politicians, and berated by silly men and women who know nothing of what they are talking about, many leading minds in the State are preparing the way for our coming victory.

How I wish some of our great agitators, such as Mrs. Stanton or Miss Anthony, would come among us for a season to give the cause an impetus. We only need leaders, to put the people to thinking; and when thought and attention are fully aroused, we may be certain that information will follow agitation, and then will speedily come our triumph.

When the trans-continental railroad meets our own—a day not far distant—we hope to be better treated by Eastern lecturers. Anna Dickinson and Olive Logan visited California, and left Oregon out in the cold, as have many other celebrities, who would be surprised could they see this great and fertile and beautiful valley of the Willamette.

I would promise something of what I shall write in another letter were I certain of finding time to attend to the matter; but if I fail to write, be assured that it is from lack of opportunity.

I am the mother of six children, own and carry on a millinery establishment of no mean proportions, write sketches and "squibs" for half a dozen newspapers, talk human rights on appropriate occasions, keep pretty well posted in politics, have a life insurance agency, and still have plenty of time to vote without neglecting the baby, who will, I'll venture a prognostication, grow to be a woman's rights man, and wonder at the benighted days of his infancy, when some frightened Oregonian wailed in his anguish, "who will stay with the baby while his mother goes a-voting?"

A. J. DUNIWAY.

WHAT THEN?

A foreign writer says that American girls are the only women in the world who are unequal to the task of entertaining more than one man at a time.

This is a significant fact, and means a great deal more than is seen upon the face of it. It speaks well for American mothers who have trained their daughters to the home virtues. It means that pre-eminently American girls have elected themselves to be the wife of one man; it means, too, that whatever they exact of themselves that they will also exact of others, viz., that men shall be equally the husband of one wife. It means that American mothers, some of whom are the leading spirits of the woman's movement, are not seeking to break up the marriage institution. It means that they appreciate virtue, and abhor vice.

It means that if they were in political power some of the existing evils of society would considerably shrink in their dimensions, instead of being legally recognized by license. It means that polygamy will never be countenanced and tolerated as a religion when women are statesmen. HARRIET S. BROOKS.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 10th, 1870.

PEACE RESOLUTION.

New York, Sept. 27, 1870.

Editor of Revolution: I beg to inclose you the accompanying resolution under instructions from the passing Convention of the Friends of Peace, convened at Hatboro, Montgomery county, Pa., on September 7th, 1870:

6th. That we have assured hope, as justice leads to peace, the women of the land, with their equal rights once secured, will, as mothers and teachers of our race, set forward the work of peace to a successful consummation.

Very respectfully yours, EUGENE HASARD, Sec.

The Colorado Tribune says:

"Perhaps the result of the election in Wyoming may be attributed to the vote of the ladies, who generally exercised for the first time the right of suffrage. Judge Jones is a handsome man, and unmarried. His nomination showed remarkable foresight on the part of the Republicans."

If the admission of ladies to the polls should result in the election of gentlemen for Congress, instead of the mob of coarse men who now make that legislative body the synonym for turbulence, disorder and vulgarity, it would be no small argument in favor of extending the right of suffrage to women.

Miss Lizzie Barrigan is the champion swimmer of Charlestown, Mass.

About Women.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe is preparing a juvenile for Christmas.

Iowa has about 40,000 more men than women.

The Princess of Prussia makes her own dresses and bonnets.

Marion county, Alabama, has eight hundred more women than men.

Rosa Bonheur is engaged in painting the favorite dog of the Emperor of Russia.

"The Old-Fashioned Girl" and "Little Women" have been published in London.

Mrs. Partington says that the starving French may need a ple-biscuit-em before long.

Mr. Stewart thinks girls will be able to live in his hotel for from two to three dollars per week.

Madame Ulrich, the wife of the Governor of Strasbourg, was the famous danseuse Taglioni.

Young women are never in more danger of being made slaves than when the men are at their feet.

A young lady in Philadelphia has just celebrated her wooden wedding by marrying a blockhead.

Alice Cary will finish the story she commenced to publish in the REVOLUTION upon her return home.

Miss Gibson lectures in favor of the Prohibitory State ticket during the present campaign in Massachusetts.

A Western exchange says the "girl of the period" is on a visit to that section. Her name is Lassie Tude.

Two ladies are engaged in the Foreign Department at Washington translating German, French, Italian and Spanish correspondence.

The Mystic Press published in Chelsea, Mass., says: "The Woman Suffrage Association, formed last season, proposes active work this winter."

Madame Amelia Mezzara, wife of a French sculptor at San Francisco, has gone to France for the purpose of assisting her countrymen to nurse the wounded soldiers.

Mr. Dickens' unmarried daughter, Mary, is a novelist of more than ordinary talent, her best works being "Aunt Margaret's Trouble," "Mabel's Progress," and "Veronica."

The Governor of Wyoming has appointed Mrs. Martha West a Justice of the Peace for Corbin Co. There are now two women holding this position in that territory.

Four female preachers attended the Universalist Centenary at Gloucester, Mass., viz.: Rev. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Rev. Augusta Chapin, Rev. Olympia Brown, and Rev. Phoebe A. Hanford.

Mrs. Delos Arnold and Mrs. Nettie Sanford of Marshalltown, Iowa, held a discussion on the woman suffrage question a few days since, with the Revs. Percival and Bull and a Mr. Whitney, of the same place.

Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines has withdrawn the offer of compromise which she made to the city authorities of New Orleans, and will now claim the full amount to which she considers herself entitled. Her claims amount to nearly \$5,000,000, besides costs.

The Women's Co-operative Association of San Francisco, established in 1868, has, during the last two years, earned a net profit of thirty per cent. on the capital invested. Over two hundred workwomen have here found constant employment.

Lady Amberly, daughter-in-law of Earl Russell, also Mrs. Fawcett, wife of Prof. Fawcett, and Miss Taylor of Belmont House, Stranraer, have undertaken to lecture in England and Scotland on the "Political Disabilities of Woman."

The Work-Woman is the name of a new weekly paper, about half the size of the American Workman, to be started next month, in New York, in the interest of the Homestead League. Miss Aurora Phelps, of Boston, is interested in the new enterprise. We hope it will succeed.

A Newark lady, whose husband had deserted her, saved a hundred dollars by sewing, and was in a terrible quandary as to whether to buy a divorce or a sewing-machine. She has decided, with the assistance of an old bachelor, to buy a ten-dollar divorce and a ninety-dollar machine.

The unmarried ladies of Rondout, in this State, are at present engaged in the very laudable occupation of organizing an association for the encouragement of matrimony. It is to be hoped that their disinterested desire for the welfare of the sterner sex may meet with a proper reward.

A courageous woman of the Mme. Defarge type recently saved her life and her purse, by presence of mind, while moving along a lonely road in Missouri. The cowardly rogue who attempted to rob her fled in terror before a set of knitting-needles, with which she threatened to blow his brains out.

Princess Maria-Amelia-Frederika-Carolina-Ferdinand-Louisa-Josepha-Alloise-Anne-Nepomucene-Philippine-Vincent-Francis-Paul-Xavier-Lawrence, Duchess of Saxe and sister of King John of Saxony, died at Dresden on Sunday aged 76. She was a spinster. She could not find any one who would assume the responsibility of changing such a name as that.

A Goddess of Liberty of the Revolution of '48 in Paris has just died at the age of forty-seven, weighing over five hundred pounds. During that eventful period she addressed the President of the National Assembly as follows:

Citizen President: I am a handsome woman of twenty-seven years; I am five feet eight inches high, and weigh over two hundred and fifty pounds. I desire to represent the Goddess of Liberty on the occasion of the next National Festival, and am convinced that no one can do this to better advantage than I.

Those who think women should never get outside of the nursery, that they should always have a sweet smile on their apple-cheeked faces, etc., will be glad to learn that at the last State fair in Burlington, Vt., the Misses Isabella and Portia Shipman, who have a valuable nursery near Winooski, had on exhibition 275 varieties of apples and 175 varieties of crab-trees.

Now this is something practical, really delightful, and, what is more, it is highly proper, for the most fastidious admit that a woman's proper sphere is in the nursery. Whether woman should cultivate crab-apple trees or not, may be a debatable question.

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, Editor.

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THE PROPOSED DECADE MEETING ABANDONED.

We are requested to state that the proposed celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the first national woman's rights convention—a meeting which was to have been held under the auspices of the surviving participants in that long-ago occasion—has been finally abandoned, owing to the sudden illness of Mrs. Paulina Wright Davis, the President of the original convention, together with the uncertain health of the venerable Mrs. Lucretia Mott, and the inability of other patriarchs of the cause to attend, without whose joint presence the celebration would be so incomplete as to nullify its essential purpose, which was a re-union of veterans.

THE SLAVE-WOMEN OF AMERICA.

Slavery is not yet abolished in the United States. It is the boast of our republic that it is a nation of free men; it points triumphantly to its last great act, the emancipation of four millions of negroes, and forgets, in its pride and self-gratulation, that within its boundaries are still left at least ten millions of bondwomen, who have no voice in the government, and no rights, except such as their masters have chosen to give them.

That the women in the United States are many of them comfortable and happy, as they are, is no argument in favor of the system of government under which they live.

The slaveholders of the South were, as a rule, more just and considerate in their treatment of their chattels than the laws would have compelled them to be. A certain public sentiment, as well as an instinct of human nature, demands more generosity from a superior to an inferior than would content the strict letter of legislative enactments.

This which was true of negro slavery is also true of woman slavery.

There are plenty of individual cases of barbarity, and oppression, and outrage; but, as a general rule, it is true that as many negroes were not abused by their masters, neither are many women by theirs, except in that worst of all abuses, the wresting from them of the right to individual freedom.

In one sense, the kindest of Southern slave-owners were also the most cruel; for by robbing slavery of some of its worst features, they made their chattels content with their bondage; and no social institution can be more demoralizing, or a greater curse to mankind, than one which robs its victims of the instinctive desire of a soul for liberty.

One of the saddest spectacles in our present

social condition of man as master, and woman as slave, is the unconsciousness of the majority of women of their humiliating position; their indifference, so long as they themselves are comfortable, to the sufferings of others; their horror of those among them who, stung by a sense of their degradation, dare to demand freedom for themselves and for their class.

The modern world has outgrown many of the ancient ideas once held sacred by the race. The patriarchal system of government, the divine right of kings, polygamy, slavery, each of which in turn has been considered as established by God for the best interests of mankind, have had their day, and are no longer regarded as a part of the divine order. But one ancient idea still retains its hold on mankind. It is still a universally accepted theory that the position of woman should be a subordinate one. To this day, the most civilized nations of the world believe as firmly as did the early Semitic races, in the barbaric ages, that woman was made for man. The advance of civilization has changed her position somewhat. She is less the drudge, and more the plaything, or the companion of man. But it has never yet been acknowledged by any but a few of the noblest of men that she was created by God an independent being, with individual duties and individual rights, and no more made merely as a companion for man than was man made merely for a companion to woman.

Men and women were created for each other, but not alone for each other. Upon both, their Maker has imposed the duty of individual development, and it is only because their mutual companionship and association is necessary for this great end, that it can be truly said that they were made for each other. This great truth has been only half understood; and men have taught, and women have accepted, the theory that man is the central figure in creation, and woman simply an accessory. In consequence of this error men and women have suffered alike. The degradation of one-half the human race has not left the other half unharmed.

In countries where slavery exists, the ruling class are invariably demoralized by association with the subject race; and men who have put, and still keep, women in a position which dwarfs their noblest, and develops their meanest faculties, need not hope to escape the retribution which must follow, as a natural consequence—their own degradation.

The pettiness of women, and the distortion of their characters, which is produced by the confinement to one limited circle which the pressure of public opinion forces upon them, must have its effects, not only upon themselves, but on their children, their husbands, their brothers—in short, upon all the men with whom they are associated.

In the interests of the race it is most important that women should be roused to a sense of their subject condition, and to the humiliation which it involves. They should no longer accept the ideal of womanly character which society offers them, but rise to the conception of the free and independent being that God intended a true woman to be. They should no longer tamely submit to the bondage in which custom and education have for ages held them, but break off the shackles which bind them. They should demand a freedom of thought and a freedom of action equal to that

which man demands for himself, and which God designed as the true means for the development of both sexes.

The enfranchisement of woman is the germ from which shall spring the reorganization of society.

One of the greatest of all the truths which have influenced the world is that of the individual rights of men, of which our republic is so grand an exponent—a truth whose leaven is already felt in every nation on the earth, and which will never cease its work until the governmental systems of the world shall be changed by its mighty power.

The recognition of the rights of man is the grandest feature of this nineteenth century; the recognition of the rights of woman is next in the natural order of evolution—a truth equally grand, equally vital, and which will, in its turn, revolutionize the social and political status of the world.

Of these rights that of the franchise is but one. Mrs. Stanton has well said on this subject, "The negro was first emancipated, and then suffrage was given him; and I am not sure that this is not the natural order for woman. She must demand first her deliverance from slavery, claim her right to herself, soul and body, and then ask for the suffrage."

It was a glorious day for this republic when she shook herself free from the disgrace of negro slavery, and declaring that she would have no subject race within her boundaries, broke the chains of four million bondmen! It will be a still more glorious day in her annals when the republic shall declare the injustice of a slavery of sex, and shall set free her millions of bond women!

God speed the hour!

THE BOSTON CONVENTION.

The Massachusetts Woman's Suffrage Convention assembled, according to call, in Tremont Temple, Boston, on the 29th of September. The attendance was large. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was chosen President.

A number of resolutions were offered, of which only the following appears to have been adopted:

Resolved, That consistency to his own principles demands from the Hon. Charles Sumner, next winter, the submission of a XVIII Amendment to the Federal Constitution, for the prohibition of any political distinction on account of sex.

According to the *Tribune* account of the proceeding, a good deal of spirited discussion at once arose as to the expediency of supporting Wendell Phillips in the coming campaign, or of establishing a new party with the single plank, woman suffrage."

Mrs. Tappen "objected to using the old political tricks to gain votes."

Mrs. Livermore did not consider the indorsement of Wendell Phillips a bid to any political party. The essence of the Prohibitory party was not politics, but morality.

During the evening session the debating continued with increased vehemence.

Stephen S. Foster charged that Mr. Robinson came to the Convention in the interest of Claflin, and to retain his own office, knowing that the contest was between Claflin and Phillips.

Mrs. Howe remarked that the gentleman had evidently attempted to bully the ladies and control them in a manner that they were not accustomed to submit to at home.

Foster, excitedly—"I will not be called a bully; no, never!"

Mrs. Livermore said she would not charge them with bullying. They were merely fighting their own battles over their (women's) heads. Mrs. Howe insisted on what she said.

Mrs. Livermore said Wendell Phillips was the woman man even for a higher office than that of Governor, and was worth to them five Claffins. She strongly urged his nomination, but was willing to take the next best course if she was overruled.

The Rev. Gilbert Haven, D.D., acknowledged that he should work with the Prohibitory party only in the campaign, but he desired to say a word in behalf of Wendell Phillips as an advocate of woman suffrage, which he would make as prominent on the stump as he did prohibition.

Mrs. Livermore accused him of backsliding. Lucy Stone was in favor of seeking the good offices of the party that was numerically best disposed to forward the movement.

Mr. Winslow called for the previous question, and the nominating resolution was lost, two to one. The Convention then adjourned.

Although the Convention came to a close without making any nomination, the movement must eventuate in the formation of a party.

It was decided that delegates should be sent to both the Republican and Democratic State Conventions, to ask of them to put a woman's suffrage plank in their platforms, and to nominate men who believe in the rights of women to the ballot.

As we go to press, we learn that Mrs. Lucy Stone and Mrs. Livermore are present at the Republican State Convention in Worcester, to urge the claim of their sex to the franchise.

We think the women of Massachusetts have shown good judgment in first appealing to the political parties to aid them in securing the franchise.

Mrs. Lucy Stone was wise in asserting that it was best, if possible, to use the political machinery already in good working order, rather than to organize a new party. She was wise also in saying that she would support either of the parties which would first make woman's suffrage a part of its platform. It remains to be seen which will be the party shrewd enough, and bold enough, to adopt the doctrine of equal rights. If neither, then the believers in impartial suffrage must organize a party of their own.

Mrs. Livermore has cogently said, that the cause of woman's suffrage must somehow be carried into politics before it can become triumphant; this is as clear as the sun in the heavens.

Wendell Phillips in his letter accepting the nomination of the working-men's party as Governor of Massachusetts, expresses the same convictions:

"No social question ever gets fearlessly treated here till we make politics turn on it. The real American College is the ballot-box, and on questions like these a political party is the surest and readiest, if not the only way to stir discussion and secure improvement."

If the time has now come for our Massachusetts sisters to take the initiative in this cause, as their fathers did in the Revolution, let them be very careful not to give one iota of their hard-won influence to any man who does not weave woman suffrage into the very warp and woof of his policy.

We have long enough been hewers of

wood and drawers of water for every cause under the sun except our own. It is now time that we nourish an ardent spirit of self-seeking, and put our own proper work and purpose before all others. Scores of men have made great gains from our assistance in time past, who would not even touch woman suffrage with a finger-tip. Labor reform and many other reforms, are good and necessary; but if there is to be a woman's party formed in the land, let the Alpha and Omega be woman suffrage.

A VOICE FROM THE UNIVERSITIES.

It was to be anticipated that the Simmons' bequest would call down the adverse criticism of one portion of the press, pretending in no way to be the exponent of a liberal culture; but when the *College Courier*, the organ of one of the oldest seats of learning in the country, lets loose its dogs to yelp in concert, then a great doubt enters the mind as to whether the kind and quality of education furnished at Yale is of the right kind and the best quality.

It is pitiable to see young men, at the most generous and ardent period of life, growing mole-eyed, narrow and conservative by the very means employed for their highest development. The educated youth of the land arrayed against reforms, which are calculated to place the society of the future upon a better and broader basis, is not only a pitiable, but a grave and alarming sight.

It hardly seems possible that those young gentlemen at Yale who wield their pens so deftly, and talk so glibly about the "little word Yes," whispered in a lover's ear, conveying more wisdom to the mind of woman "than a four years' course of study," need to be taught at this late period of the world's progress that every human being, man or woman, is entitled to the best education which he or she is capable of receiving. They do not yet seem to have mastered this A, B, C of knowledge, and deserve to be put back into the horn book.

The scores of girls who are eagerly waiting for the carrying out of the Simmons' bequest, to fit themselves for practical life work, will not be one whit daunted by the blatant conservatism of Yale students. It is easy to see with what undisguised scorn they will meet all such small piping opposition, when for the first time they shall enjoy the benefits of an organized system of training, calculated to make them skilled and competent workers in the business of the world.

It is like the Pope's bull against the comet, to proclaim loudly that no good can come from fitting women for professional and mechanical arts, owing to their physical inability and the contingencies of wifehood and womanhood, when thousands of women are to-day competing with men in a great variety of callings, gaining the same knowledge by crooked and tortuous means to which the Simmons' bequest designs to plane the path. It must not be, it shall not be, it ought not to be, cry out the short-sighted objectors, and still it is a broad and beautiful fact, rapidly gathering to itself strength and honor in the light of to-day. Numerous evils were expected to follow the abolition of slavery, which never did actually occur.

Society has a power of healthfully adjusting itself to new constitutions which few have

the faith to believe in. All who imagine that this new step in the education of women is going to sap the foundations of domestic life, on the one hand, or, on the other hand, that the knowledge thus acquired will hang like an inert, non-interest bearing weight on the female intellect will find themselves strangely in error.

The thousands of women who have no male supporters, and perhaps never may have, will make as fair returns to society for what they receive in education as men do. Other thousands have families, often husbands and fathers, sons and brothers, depending upon them. Other thousands still, who do not feel the weight of such compulsory burdens, long earnestly for pecuniary independence, believing that only by this means can they belong to themselves.

NILSSON.

By a fine touch of genius, George Sand, in her immortal novel, made the artist Consuelo teach good manners to princes; by the same inspiration, Christine Nilsson appears to be furnishing critics with a new rule of judgment. For the nonce, that disagreeable, but necessary being, whose peculiar province it is to hash into mincemeat the pretensions of new aspirants for public favor, finds his occupation gone. This time his line of attack seems "more honored in the breach than in the observance," and he is almost too tamely laudatory to win attention.

To be sure, occasional thunder growls are heard about the critic's Olympus. We know it is loudly whispered that La Grange, Parepa, Carlotta Patti, Sontag and a dozen others were, and are, better technical artists, possessed of wider compass of voice, than this slender Swedish maiden, who has come to us like a pale white flower plucked from her own northern hills. But in spite of this, the crabbedest doubter of them all, bows his head reverently before that element of artless purity and sympathetic tenderness which makes Christine Nilsson the most individual singer of her time. The moment he begins to feel, he forgets to dissect. The "pregnant hinges of his knees are bent," the rusty valves of his heart get into play, and possibly a tear adulterates the gall and wormwood with which his ink is mixed.

It is a noticeable fact that at a time when the most glaringly meretricious effects are sought for upon the stage, this young peasant girl, with her innocent face, unpretending manner, and art so limpid that it seems to be no art at all, should appear amongst us to tune our artistic conceptions up to a higher and purer key than any to which they have vibrated for many a year. We realize once more that genius lies in that which is personal and distinctive, rendered as the bird sings and the wind flows, when Christine Nilsson breathes her own spirit harmonies through the music of Handel and Rosini.

Such an artistic revival as is now going on in New York is better than bushels of sermons and cartloads of homilies. Public reverence for the pathetic, beautiful expression of a pure soul, has made a shrine, and within that shrine is the fair form of a woman, and a voice,

"That brings all heaven before our eyes."

Miss Amanda Douglass will publish "With Fate Against Him" on the 1st of October.

A COMMON MISTAKE.

Here is a picture which some husbands could study with probable advantage.

Many a man seems to regard these household duties of the wife as not to be compared for a moment with those which engross his attention. He expects, if business has perplexed or made him anxious, to have his wife's sympathy when he comes home at night, but never imagines that during the day anything could have occurred to trouble that wife. He returns from his workshop or counting-room soured, perhaps, by some bad bargain, annoyed by a stupid workman or unreasonable employer, morose from some ill-spoken word, and expects to be received with smiles; it matters not how surly may be his looks, his wife must be in dress, in countenance, in word, all sweetness and amiability. He may have no pleasant word, may take his place moodily at his table, but his wife's words must be affectionate, and his wife's looks full only of gladness. What, he thinks, has she to trouble her? And this when the poor wife has, through a long and weary day, been toiling with family work and vexatious care till her head is aching and foot and hand and heart are sore with the worry. The tea is dispatched silently, very likely with sombre complaints over the trials he has had during the day, or the badness of the times; and then the evening paper is taken in hand, and pored over until the very advertisements are devoured, or the reader's face is bowed upon the crumpled page in sleep. Or, if he be not weary enough for that, he seizes his hat and rushes for the reading-room, or more probably for the lounging-place where such as he do congregate; there, with a fragment of segar in his hand and desultory talk from his lips, he lingers till the noise of the closing shutters warns him to leave. He goes at last home again, because he can go nowhere else. Meanwhile the wife has, with heavy heart and tired step, got the little ones into bed, and, as best she could, has worn away the long hours of the evening in silence and loneliness. Should a thought of his selfishness or injustice cross the mind of the husband, he responds with ready self-complacency, "I require relaxation, and must see my friends." The night is witness of the same or greater lack of sympathy. Perhaps the babe is not well, and is restless. But that is not his business. It matters not that the poor pale wife has had the child in her arms through the long day—a day's work with a sick babe, one of the weariest of mortal toils—he must not be disturbed. I have known such a husband provide a distant sleeping apartment, that he might not be disturbed, and lie snoring in leaden unconsciousness while a frail wife, with swollen eyes, and limbs that almost refused to obey an iron will, was walking to and fro with his child.—*Dr. Atkman's Life at Home.*

A lady writer, in delineating the difference between French and Prussian women, says: "A French woman sobs and exclaims when bidding her lover farewell on his departure for the war, and then seeks her chamber in tears. A Prussian woman hugs him tightly, with tears in her eyes, watches him until he is gone, then turns within and comforts herself with a mug of beer and a substantial meal, after which she calmly goes to her work."

TRAINING FOR MARRIAGEABLE YOUNG MEN.

It is said that the young ladies of one of our suburban towns are about forming a society to encourage young men to marry. We doubt the truth of the report, but question the wisdom of a society for the end proposed still more. A society to encourage young men to fit themselves for marriage is much more needed, and would do much more good than anything that should merely increase the number of weddings; for a very large proportion of our young men are unfit for marriage. They are utterly deficient in the tastes, sentiments, affections and aims which qualify men for husbands and fathers and heads of households. They have the least home feeling; they have habits, appetites, associates, ambitions and dispositions which disqualify them for a relation so intimate and sacred as that of husband. They must be born again, completely converted in life, as well as in mind, before they can be suitable life-companions of pure-minded, trustful, refined young women. We have nothing but pity for the young woman who is tied for life to a bi-pedal porcupine, or yoked to a social hippogriff. Better be unmarried than have a life of misnamed misery. Probably quite as many young men marry as are fit for marriage, and some of those who get married are as unfit for wedded life as a wild dromedary for a carriage-horse. What can be done to make young men marriageable? How are these young men of the town, who have no domestic tastes, no sentiment for home, no enjoyment of the simple pleasures and sweet discipline and ennobling duties of the family circle, to be tamed and trained and transformed into quite exemplary, home-loving husbands? These are questions that are pertinent at the least, and are well worth considering. Love may do much, but we apprehend that it will require love and something else to qualify scores of our fashionable young men for marriage; and until this something else is found, the love lavished upon them is worse than wasted.

DICKENS' FIRST VISIT TO NEW YORK.

Professor Felton was often with him and some quiet evening walks about the metropolis were taken by the two, in which they doubtless visited some of the fashionable restaurants of the city. Speaking of the oyster-suppers, in his "Notes," Mr. Dickens alludes to his friend as the "heartiest of Greek professors!"

Washington Irving came very often, and the meeting of these kindred spirits was such as might have been expected. They were greatly delighted with each other, and at all hours Irving and Felton were admitted. A great ball was given in honor of Mr. Dickens and lady, a full account of which was given in the papers of that day.

Besides Irving and Felton came Bryant, Willis, Halleck, Clark of the "Knickerbocker," and many others of the stars in the literary firmament; and on one occasion Mr. Dickens had to breakfast Irving, Bryant, and Halleck. The clerk of the Carleton was himself a great lover of literature, and remarked to me: "Good Heaven! to think what the four walls of that room now contain! Washington Irving, William C. Bryant, Fitz-Greene Halleck, and Charles Dickens!"

But in New York came many others determined to see the great author, and if possible make him useful for their private purposes; people who had literary and other "axes" to grind; but they were generally foiled in their plans.

I recollect an Irish book-peddler who was most impudent and persevering. He wanted Mr. Dickens to give him money to set up a bookstore; and I had no small trouble to keep him from intruding into the very presence of Mr. Dickens. He claimed that Dickens owed much of his American popularity to him, because he had peddled large quantities of the American editions of his works! He did not, however, get the money he wanted, and wrote Mr. Dickens a letter full of threats and indignation.

The correspondence poured in as at Boston; and while most of it was what it should have been, some of it was very ridiculous and amusing.

Voluminous manuscripts came, whose modest authors requested Mr. Dickens to read them carefully, and note any alterations or corrections he thought proper, and requesting that he superintend their publication in England, and receive a percentage on the sales!

One letter came from the South, asking an original epitaph for the tombstone of an infant. Another came from a Southern lady, soliciting an autograph copy of the lines by Mrs. Leo Hunter to an "expiring frog."

One lady from New Jersey wrote that many funny things had taken place in her family, and many interesting and tragic events also, and that she had all the records for a hundred years past or more. She proposed to furnish this record, with explanations, to Mr. Dickens, that he should arrange and re-write them and have them published in England, and divide equally with her the profits.

Oneman, a most disagreeable person, came often. He brought for Mr. Dickens the Lord's Prayer, written in twenty-four languages! "Ah," said Mr. Dickens, "twenty-four languages! One would be sufficient, if men would only live that prayer!"—*From Atlantic Monthly for October.*

In connection with the physical culture of women, the feat performed recently in the swimming school at the foot of Charles street is worthy of mention:

"Three women then displayed their skill in floating. They first floated from the top to the bottom of the bath, a distance of 100 feet; they then turned around singly, several times in the water, still on their backs; they then touched the soles of their feet each to the other's shoulders, and in this manner again described the length of the bath; finally, one of them still kept on her back and another crept on top of her, and the first, thus weighed down, floated about, the spectators applauding."

If there is any merit in doing such things at all, it is well enough to have it settled that women can succeed when they try.

The opening chapter of a Western novel contains the following: "All of a sudden, the fair girl continued to sit upon the sand gazing upon the briny deep, on whose heaving bosom the tall ships went merrily by, freighted—ah! who can tell with how much of joy and sorrow, and pine, and lumber, and emigrants, and hoops, and salt fish!"

Mrs. Sam Colt, of revolver fame, is the richest widow in America.

WAIT.

Wait, pretty one! The world is wide and cold,
And wild, and dim, and strange its long roads be.
Wait while you may, within the warm home fold;
Wait, little golden head at mother's knee!

Stay, little feet, that fain would hasten by
These sunny paths 'mid buttercups and brooks;
The hills are grand with towers that soar full high,
But warmer sunshine drifts your meadow nooks.

Wait, little hands, nor drop your blossom bright,
Striving to grasp the mysteries in time's fold;
Wait, little hands, for what you hold is light,
And O, so heavy what you fain would hold!

Wait, little one, while spring birds, silver clear,
Ring round your rosy way their notes of bliss;
Nor list at dreamland's door for song more dear;
There is no music sweeter, love, than this.

Extracts.

LITERARY MEN IN SOCIETY.

"Certainly," says Lord Lytton, "of all people who go into society none appear to so little advantage as men of letters." It is an old axiom, and one that will hold good, very likely, to the end of the world. We cannot hit upon any other profession which suffers in the same degree this same exclusion. A horse-jockey may possibly have something to say about riding, and certainly can manage to conduct himself with propriety, even though his coat smells of stables; an undertaker—proverbially, the cheerfulness of men—upon a stretch, will furnish an anecdote or two of the "one who died o' Wednesday," will tell you how the family took it, what was in the will, how the funeral went off, and other particulars quite as interesting. The broker is ready to imprison the general conversation in stocks and bonds; but the literary man, with more mind than any of these, is the greatest fool of all. In the first place, he has nothing to say. He would like to have a hand, if he is good-natured, in what is going forward; but he feels shy, or is not capable. So there being nothing left for him but to sit off in the corner alone, and grin and look pleased, he not only fails of any personal enjoyment, but is set down generally as the decided wet-blanket to the entertainment. "If this is what people call social enjoyment," he thinks, as he saunters home smoking his cigar, "I'll have no more of it." The verdict of the company against him is in like strain: "If that is the great humorist Brown," exclaims some stout, swaggering donkey over the private brandy and water in the ante-room, "he is the dullest dog I ever met." To say the truth, it is by no means clear what people expect of a literary man, besides, of course, books. Certainly he is not looked for to furnish the same entertainment promiscuously, wherever he goes, that he puts professionally between the covers of his three-volume novel, or in the paragraphs of his essay. Society does not feel disappointed. I believe the widow Cliquot and Mr. Longworth, on coming to a party, do not distribute bottles of champagne to every person present. And yet an author who shows no wit at the dinner-table, who is by no means a prime fellow across the walnuts, is invariably considered as having failed in an absolutely necessary tribute.

Ye men of gloom and austerity, who paint the face of Infinite Benevolence with an eternal frown, read in the Everlasting Book, wide open to your view, the lesson it would teach. Its pictures are not in black and sombre hues, but bright and glowing tints; its music—save when ye drown it—is not in sighs and groans, but songs and cheerful sounds. Listen to the million voices in the summer air, and find one as dismal as your own. Remember, if ye can, the sense of hope and pleasure which every glad return of day awakens in the breath of all your kind who have not changed their nature; and learn some wisdom even from the witless, when their hearts are lifted up, they know not how, by all the mirth and happiness it brings.—*Dickens, in "Barnaby Rudge."*

THE MARRIAGEABLE AGE.

It is Mrs. Stanton who says that no woman is physically capable of marriage before the age of twenty-five. Everyday experience refutes her statement; but that is of no consequence while the coming generation gains years and experience so rapidly. Indeed, it is said that in the world of fashion children over the age of seven no longer exist. After that they are gentlemen and ladies; and a glance at the juvenile hops, now so frequent at the watering-places would seem to confirm the statement. The female Lilliputian has her soft body squeezed in corsets before-swaddling clothes would be ordinarily improper, her little round toes pinched and twisted in high-heeled boots, and her hair kinked about iron and wood during sleeping hours, in order to produce the wavy effect which nature so very generally denies. The male infant is subject to less excruciating appliances, though when the trio meet in the ball-room, to imitate the flirtations and dissipations of their elders, there is little choice as far as artificiality is concerned. They are little men and women of the world before their time, as their conversation, if you happen to listen to it, their blasé indifference and their studied manner, show. It is to be hoped that the Stantonian age will come early, by some kind dispensation, to these juvenile butterflies of our latest civilization, or one must shudder to think what a blank life, after twenty-five, would present to children who are grown at seven, and have exhausted the resources of fashionable amusement at twelve years of age.—*Boston Post.*

WHERE FLOWERS CAME FROM.

Some of our flowers came from lands of perpetual summer, some from countries all ice and snow, some from islands in the ocean. Three of our sweetest exotics came originally from Peru; the camelia was carried to England in 1739; and a few years afterwards the heliotrope and mignonette. Several others came from the Cape of Good Hope; a very large calla was found in the ditches there, and some of the most brilliant geraniums, or pelargoniums, which are a spurious geranium. The verbena grows wild in Brazil; the marigold is an African flower, and a great number came from China and Japan. The little daphne was carried to England by Captain Ross, from almost the farthest land he visited towards the north pole. Some of these are quite changed in form by cultivation; others have only become larger and brighter; while others, despite of all the care of florists and the shelter of hothouses, fall far short of the beauty and fragrance of the tropics.

Among improved ones is the dahlia. When brought to Europe it was a very simple blossom, a single circle of dark petals surrounding a mass of yellow ones. Others with scarlet and orange petals were soon after transplanted from Mexico, but still remained simple flowers. Long years of cultivation in rich soil, with other arts of skillful florists, have changed it to what it now is—a round ball of beauty. *Riverside Magazine.*

RELATIVE BEAUTY OF THE SEXES.

The relative beauty of the sexes is said to differ considerably in different countries. French travelers in England have reported that, as a rule, Englishmen are better looking specimens of the human race divine than English women. To this opinion our gallantry forbids us to defer. We, however, will state also that these impartial French observers have said that a beautiful English girl is the most lovely and lovable creature among created beings. In this opinion we at once and unreservedly express our entire concurrence. But of the relations between male and female beauty in other countries we can speak more freely. Under the sunny skies of Italy fine figures are much more common among the male than among the female sex. In Northern Italy this is less remarkable. In France this state of things is reversed. There, handsome women are, to handsome men, as one to six or eight. Among the snows and frosts of

Russia, too, both in regard to feature and figure, the men are handsomer than the women. Why is this? Is it not because, in judging of female beauty, our canons of criticism are much more strict than those we apply to the lords of creation?—*Once a Week.*

TAGLIONI AND HER SON.

The Paris papers tell a romantic little story of Taglioni—once the most celebrated baller-dancer of Europe. It is said that she had a son in the Twelfth regiment of French chasseurs, who were terribly cut up in the battle of Weissenburg, and that hearing that her son was among the killed she started off to verify or contradict the story. After some days' wandering, she was directed to a barn in which there were some remnants of the regiment resting. It was night, but by the aid of an oil-lamp she made her way to the barn, and inquired confidently of the sentinel where her Albert was. The soldier replied, "Inside, asleep." She was admitted, and there found her boy asleep by the side of his horse. Knowing how much need he had of sleep, she would not wake him, but crept in by his side and imprinted a kiss on his forehead, and then left him, directing the sentinel to tell him that his mother had been to see him in the night, and left a kiss on his forehead.

"Reduced to the plain expression of what it is really worth, the average English idea of beauty in women may be summed up in three words—youth, health, plumpness. The more spiritual charm of delicacy of line and fitness of detail are little looked for, and seldom appreciated by the mass of men on this island. It is impossible, otherwise, to account for the extraordinary blindness of perception which (to give one instance only) makes nine Englishmen out of ten who visit France come back declaring that they have not seen a single pretty Frenchwoman in or out of Paris in the whole country.

Our popular type of beauty proclaims itself in its fullest material development at every shop in which an illustrated periodical is sold. The same fleshy-faced girl with the same inane smile, and with no other expression whatever, appears under every form of illustration, week after week, and month after month, all the year round.

Those who wish to know what Mrs. Glen-arm was like have only to go out and stop at any bookseller's or newsdealer's window, and there they will see her in the first illustration, with a young woman in it, which they may discover in the window."—*Wilde Collins.*

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON used to say that a man never knows anything until he has taught it in some way; it may be orally, or it may be by writing a book. There is deep wisdom in the remark, which all readers would do well to ponder. It is equally true that many authors have talked better than they have written. How vivid and pithy—how much superior to his writings—the talk of Johnson! It spoiled men for everything that was not both weighty and smart. Brilliantly as Byron wrote, who would not have infinitely preferred to hear him talk? His more serious conversation, even Shelley said, was a "sort of intoxication." Solitary reading will enable a man to stuff himself with information; but, without conversation, his mind will become like a pond without an outlet, a mass of unhealthy stagnation. It is not enough to harvest knowledge by study; the wind of talk must winnow it, and blow away the chaff; then will the clear, bright grains be garnered for our own use or that of others.—*Professor Matthews.*

Senator Sumner has been secured by the Boston Lyceum to lecture in their course, for which Mrs. Lander, Miss Dickinson, Mr. Vanderhoof, Mr. Murray, Mr. Parton and Mr. Phillips have also been engaged. A novel feature in the course of the season will be a lecture against woman suffrage by Miss Catherine E. Beecher, and a reply on the same evening by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.

SIDE ISSUES.

Some masculine writer in the New York *Daily Standard* and T. W. Higginson, in the *Woman's Journal*, seem to have the same yard-stick for measuring the height, depth, the length and breadth, of the woman's rights movement, and are both agreed that, like Paganini, the women should play on one string; that from New Year's Morn to Christmas Eve they should sing suffrage songs, and nothing more; no solos on "side issues," especially on marriage, divorce, or other social oppressions.

If a bright young girl, wishing to study law, knocks at the door of Columbia Law School, and the authorities refuse to let her in, she must not pause to criticize the injustice of such professors, or our present false system of education, but rush at once into some woman's paper or convention, and demand suffrage.

If another young girl is arraigned and sentenced to be hung for the crime of infanticide, while her seducer walks abroad without stripes or shame, women should not call an indignation meeting in Cooper Institute, to denounce the laws and public sentiment that forced the girl to that crime, but humbly circulate petitions on suffrage; though the masses of women—even the Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren and the Catharine Beechers—are to-day wholly oblivious to the power of the ballot, and fail to see the connection between political ostracism and social wrongs.

If a married woman desires to escape from a drunkard, a debauchee, or a tyrant, who holds her person, property and children at his disposal, instead of riddling a marriage institution that denies equality to the contracting parties, she must swallow her griefs and unfurl the banner of suffrage.

Of all "white male" leaders on this woman question, the New England Abolitionists are the most dangerous, because the women look up to them as gods, trusting that they will do for them what they did for the slaves on the southern plantations, forgetting that in this reform, men are themselves the slaveholders, who make the creeds, the codes, the conventionalisms, for the women of their households; for the elements of mankind, that framed these laws in the beginning, are not yet wholly extinct in the sons.

The side issues of which these various gentlemen complain so much, invariably strike at their social authority; hence they prefer to keep the guns turned on the State. Corporations have no souls or tender places; but when the flag of rebellion is raised at the fireside, and personal freedom declared there, the sons of Adam cry out, "hold, enough."

In the anti-slavery warfare, these same men were not so troubled about side issues. "The negro pew," "the Jim Crow car," "colored schools," the Bible, the church, everything that was supposed to stand in the way of complete negro equality was riddled, turned, and overturned.

For years they fought the intermarriage laws of Massachusetts, roused the people to white heat over the problem of miscegenation, took the commonwealth by the throat, and compelled it to annul those laws that forbade blacks and whites to clasp hands at the altar. But now, forsooth, because some women, who understand the wrongs of their sex better

than any man possibly can, have seen fit to protest against the inequalities of sex in the present legal marriage relation—making man master, woman slave—Boston is frightened from her propriety with fear of "side issues." But marriage and divorce are not "side issues" to-day; they are the kernel of the question.

As personal liberty, in the true order, comes before political freedom, woman must first be emancipated from the old bondage of a divinely ordained allegiance to man before her pride of sex can be so roused as to demand the rights of citizenship.

The national verdict in the late McFarland and Richardson trial gave a new phase to the woman movement in this country. That was our Dred Scott decision, pointing out clearly the work of this hour, showing how little woman can trust judge or jury, the pulpit or the press. For in that trial, by the pleadings of the council, the verdict of the jury, the decision of the judge, and the comments of the pulpit, the press, and the people, it was decreed in this republic, in the United States of America, "that a wife," in the language of Horace Greeley, "is merely a species of property, whereof the title cannot be alienated by abuse any more than if she were a horse or dog." The womanhood of the nation rebelled at that decision, as it never has at political ostracism.

In the face of this trial and discussion, a convention was held in New York, of which Mr. Higginson and the other editors of the *Woman's Journal* were the moving spirits. In its resolutions, there was not one word of sympathy for that injured woman, nor one word of censure for that brutal court.

What should we have said of the earnestness of Boston Abolitionists, if, on the heels of the Anthony Burns case, they had held a convention, and made no mention of the runaway slave, nor the legal hounds who sent him in chains back to his master? E. C. A.

THE CHAMPION BROILER.

We take pleasure in recommending to general use this cooking utensil. There is no doubt but that it is infinitely superior to the majority of articles of the kind. In cooking meats the edges are generally left raw, because of the impossibility of placing them in contact with the fire; but this disadvantage has been remedied in this instance, and the Champion Broiler boldly challenges all competition.

It is for sale by the proprietors, Pulcifer & Bradley, cor. Fulton Ave. and Elm Place.

The following comes to us from Keeseville:

"Mrs. Ida Frances Leggett, while on a holiday from her lectures, under guidance of Ben Brewster, the hunter, killed a deer on Lake Placid, shooting it in the head."

"Miss Maggie Lyons, of Des Moines, Iowa, while on a recent visit to Western Kansas, formed one of a party who went for a buffalo hunt for a week, in which she had the honor of killing the first game—a huge buffalo bull. She lay in ambush for him, and as he passed her she stepped out, drew up her carbine, aimed just in front of his shoulder, pulled trigger, and he fell dead on the spot, the ball breaking his neck."

An Ohio lady seeks a divorce on the ground of a want of tenderness on her husband's part. He hammered her with an ax-helve for over three-quarters of an hour, and then triumphantly inquired of her, "How is that for high?"

SOME REMINISCENCES OF THE EMPRESS
BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

The history of the recent Empress (who is now nothing more than Madame Bonaparte), is a very peculiar illustration of the freaks of fortune. In 1853 Irving writes thus to a lady:

"I know the grandfather of the Empress, old Mr. Kirkpatrick, who had been American consul at Malaga. I passed an evening at his house in 1827. A week or two afterward I was at the house of his son-in-law, the Count Teba, a gallant and intelligent gentleman of Grenada, much cut up in the wars, having lost an eye, and been maimed in a leg or hand. His wife, the daughter of Mr. Kirkpatrick, was absent, but he had a family of little girls about him. Several years afterward, when I had recently taken up my abode at Madrid, I was invited to a grand ball at the house of the Countess of Montijo, one of the leaders of the ton. On making my bow to her, I was surprised at being received by her with the warmth and eagerness of an old friend. She claimed me as a friend of her late husband, the Count Teba, subsequently Marquis Montijo, who said he had often spoken of me with the greatest regard. She subsequently introduced me to the little girls I had known in an early day, who had become fashionable belles of Madrid. One of these now sits on the throne of France."

A short time afterward Irving writes thus to another niece, Mrs. Storrow, who was then residing at Paris:

"You give an account of the marriage procession of Louis Napoleon and his bride to the church Notre Dame, and one of your letters speaks of your having been presented to the Empress. Louis Napoleon and Eugénie Montijo, Emperor and Empress of France, one of whom I have had a guest at my cottage on the Hudson, and the other whom, when a child, I have had on my knee at Grenada. It seems to cap the climax of the strange dramas of which Paris has been the theatre during my life-time."

"The last I saw of Eugénie Montijo she was one of the reigning belles of Madrid; she and her giddy circle had swept my charming young friend, the beautiful, accomplished Signorita —, into their career of fashionable dissipation. Now Eugénie is on the throne, while — is a voluntary recluse in a convent of one of the most rigorous orders. Poor —! Perhaps, however, her fate may ultimately be the happier of the two. With her the storm is over, and she is at rest, but the other is launched upon a dangerous sea, infamous for its tremendous shipwrecks. Am I to live to see the catastrophe of her career, or the end of this suddenly conjured up empire, which seems to be of such stuff as dreams are made of?"

"My personal acquaintance with the individuals who figure in this historical romance gives me uncommon interest in it; but I consider it stamped with danger and instability, and as liable to extravagant vicissitudes as one of Dumas' novels. You do well to witness the grand features of this passing pageant. You are probably reading one of the most peculiar and eventful pages of history, and may live to look back upon it as a romantic tale."

A new volume of poems, by Jean Ingelow, called "The Monitions of the Unseen," will be brought out this fall.

AN ARTICLE IN THE MASCULINE
CREED.

We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.
He may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man can live without dining?

OWEN MEREDITH.

GOOD WORDS FROM OUR TEMPERANCE
ADVOCATE.

The *Temperance Times*, of Dayton, Ohio, comes to us freighted with an excellent leader in refutation of the hackneyed arguments of the Rev. Dr. Wiley, a Methodist divine, of Cincinnati, against the woman cause. It appears that Dr. Wiley is pulling against the strong, free tide of Methodism, which is setting powerfully towards the recognition of the equal right of women to influence and office in the Church and State. The illustrious mothers of the denomination, belonging to past times, show that the gyves have galled woman less in that church, from its inception, than in perhaps any other. Here are some extracts from the *Times* article:

"We believe that the Temperance reform would be incalculably benefited by woman suffrage, and that, indeed, the prohibition of the liquor traffic by law will never be accomplished until woman wield the ballot. For this special reason, the *Times* favors impartial suffrage.

"The only paramount and invincible and successful temperance organizations in the land are those in which women have equal privileges with men. And has women in the United States been made less womanly by participation in these great interests?

"Dr. Wiley assumes that a woman who votes will thereby lose her womanly character, and attempt to be a man; that, in making this attempt, she will cease to be man's home companion, friend, confidant, and co-worker in the privacies and affections of domestic life, and will become his rival in the turmoil and strife of the political arena. This assumption, constituting the foundation of all the argument against woman suffrage, is wholly unwarranted. It is a false promise, and all the conclusions drawn from it must also be false. The equality and co-operation of men and women in the family circle, in benevolent associations, in educational enterprises, and in those churches which permit women to speak and vote, have not resulted in unsexing American wives and mothers. On the contrary, women have become truly illustrious and lovely in their own sphere, just in proportion as they have had opportunities to enjoy equal privileges with men in the various useful activities of life.

"Dr. Wiley assumes that the franchise is essentially demoralizing to those who enjoy it. Or, rather, he assumes that as some men become 'bold, forward, and coarse,' and utterly demoralized in the field of politics, all women would become so. Such an assumption is insulting to the virtue, the intelligence, and the good sense of womanhood.

"No; the franchise is not demoralizing. It may give a few men an opportunity to exhibit selfishness, cunning, and treachery, but to the majority it gives opportunities for the exhibition of honesty, fidelity, patriotism, and Christian principle. The cry that woman is too pure, refined and elevated, to share political rights, is near akin to that which would divorce morals from politics."

Miss Jennie Collins recently delivered a lecture on Dickens as a labor reformer to about two hundred persons in Music Hall, Boston. Mr. Ryder presided at the organ, and preluded the lecture with some fine selections. Miss Collins put her thoughts in form of a sermon, taking for a text the parable of the laborers in the 29th chapter of Matthew.

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HOMEOPATHIC MEDICAL COLLEGE OF MISSOURI.—The trustees have adopted a new feature which deserves especial mention.

The college is open for the admission of women, and every facility will be offered them that is offered to other students.

We learn that several applications have already been made for admission to the next term by ladies, and it is expected that quite a large class will be formed. This is a step in the right direction, and we congratulate the trustees of this veteran institution upon having been the first in this city to open its doors to women.

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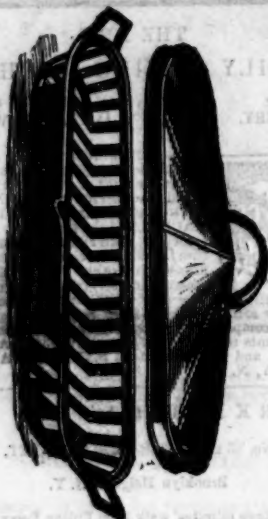
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